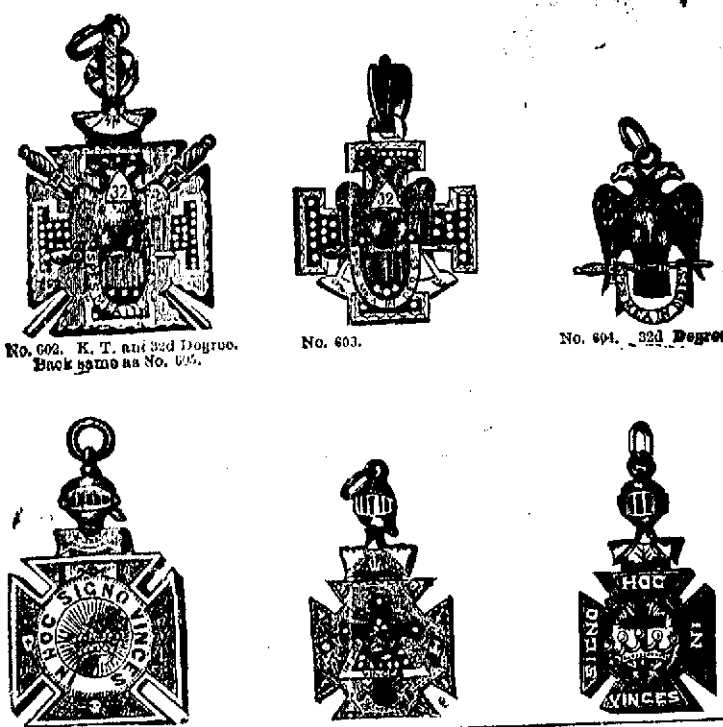


EMBLEMATIC GOODS.



Headquarters for all Emblematic Charms, Rings and Badges: Knights Templar, Knights of Pythias, I. O. O. F., Masonic Blue Lodge and Chapter Emblems, G. A. R. and all other Society Goods, at VERY LOW PRICES.

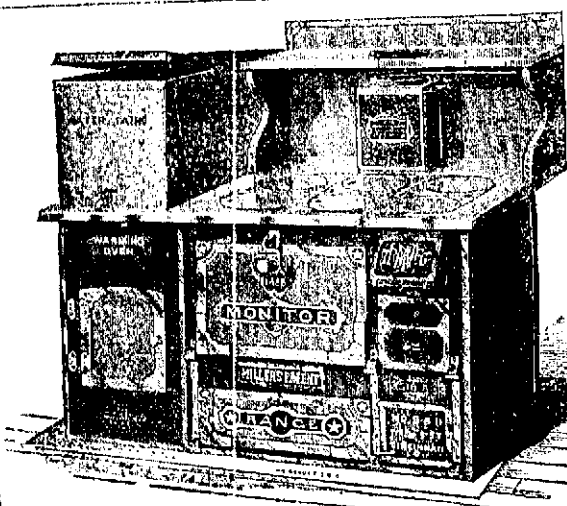
OTTO E. CURTIS & BRO.,

Wholesale and Retail Jewelers,
156 EAST MAIN ST.

THE PATENT DOUBLE CASED MONITOR RANGES

Have Outstripped All Competition.

They are Leaders, Not Followers.



Their many points of Superiority can be seen by calling on

LYTLE & ECKELS.

1888-1855-33

Buy Your Meats Of

IMBODEN BROS.

BARGAINS

Every Day in the Year at

L. L. Ferriss & Co.'s

Call and Examine the

QUALITY OF THEIR GOODS.

Learn their Prices and be Convinced.

DAILY REPUBLICAN.

SPECIALTIES.

Windsor, Mocha and Java
COFFEES,
PRINCESS TEA,
Pillsbury's Best Flour,
BOOTH OYSTERS,
Quaker City Preserves,
4-X Maple Syrup,
Pennsylvania Buckwheat,
Extra German Soap,

DINGES & CLOYD'S.

SATURDAY EVE., MARCH 3, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

For dinner and tea sets, go to
E. D. BARNHART & Co's.

"GEROLIUM."

County board meeting March 13.

The Central Republican club will be organized to-night.

The best of stock feed at Niedermeier's store on the Mead.

The fresco work at the new Baptist church is finished. It is beautiful.

Ask all leading grocers for J. Hatfield & Co's celebrated White Foam Flour.

The Central train was three hours late again last night.

The Vabash has decided to build a new depot at Monticello.

Corn! Corn! See George W. Ehrhart.

WILLIAM WILSON, of Argenta, has paid \$55 per acre for 100 acres near LaPlata.

REPAIR work a specialty at Lytle & Eckels' hardware store on Water street.

THE Henry Hunsley farm of 40 acres near Argenta has been purchased by Orlando McKinney. The price paid was \$80 per acre—\$3,200.

Buy the best of supplies for the table at Hanks & Patterson's reliable grocery store, 143 South Water street.

It was 22 degrees above zero this morning, a fall of 30 degrees in 24 hours. Cloudy.

C. B. PRASOR invites you to visit his music parlor in Opera block. He wants to show you those elegant Haines Bros. pianos.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's club will be held in the Universalist church at 2 o'clock, Monday, March 5th.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE will lecture in Decatur, March 14.

A DECATUR gentleman who visited Bloomington yesterday and circulated pretty freely about the city says that he is convinced that the people there are all almost a unit for General McNulta for governor. He found but one man who said he preferred any other candidate.

SPRING goods at Mulesdy & Son's, Feb 23-d2w

Good oranges and fine apples every day at Knodes & Osborne's grocery store.

THOMAS LEE, Attorney at Law, has moved his office to No. 127 South Water street, opposite the court house. 1-d

THE Danville city council was evenly divided on a petition to permit base ball playing on Sunday in that city, and the mayor settled the question by voting against it.

LADIES' patent leather shoes in B. O. and D. widths, something never before carried in Decatur. Also patent leather Newports in A. B. and C. widths, and bronze Newports, at Powers & Haworth's, opposite opera house. 28-d1w

TO-NIGHT at Music Hall O'Leary and Kinsler are matched for \$50 a side for a contest. O'Leary to walk square heel and toe a distance of 5 miles while Kinsler runs 6 1/2 miles. Michael J. O'Connor, mail carrier, is to run 5 miles in less than 34 minutes for a wager of \$25. A number of boys will enter for a two-mile go as you please race for a silver goblet.

FRESH butter and sound potatoes at Moore Bros' grocery store in Opera block.

CORN! CORN! CORN! See George W. Ehrhart.

POTOMAC river fish, early vegetables and fresh meats every day at George Rueben's grocery store.

FOR all kinds of bread, pies, cakes and rolls, go to the bakery of August & Dowling, 530 North Morgan street. None better in the city. Jan 30-d1w

NAT MORRIS, formerly night clerk at the old First house, will spend his declining years at the Soldiers' Home at Quincy. He is 75 years old and has been living at Livingston for a number of years.

Save time and trouble by calling at Powers & Haworth's for the most complete assortment of shoes for infants, girls and misses—spring heels and solar tips. All widths—sure to suit you. 28-d1w

"GEROLIUM."

RUSSELL has opened a corresponding office at the Brown House, 318 East Main street, for the purpose of finding lost friends and relief for everybody. 28-d3w

THE Bluegrass Shop will repaint your carriage or wagon cheaper than elsewhere. Remember this. Repainting promptly done. March 3-d1w

A SOCIABLE will be given at the Macedonia Baptist church on South Broadway, Thursday evening, March 8th, for the benefit of the church. A cordial invitation to all. March 3-d1w

TELEPHONE to W. H. Shorb for good coal and cut wood ready for use.

The Early Bids.

They will be here Wednesday night to give a rattling performance. The Kansas City Times said:

Kernan's Monumental Theatre boards were held by the "Early Birds" Novels and Burlesque Company, with Lester and Allen's hands showing through the whole plying performance, and Annie Hart dancing to a turn. The Birds also wound up in a rattling musical travesty on Roder Haggard's "She." Sandwiched between was an olio bill, introducing Matt Flynn and Miss Edna, Harry Bryant and Polly Holmes, in their sketch, "Squire, the Post," Annie Hart, the Davenport, cordons and running gag, and Billy Lawrence and Paul Allen, as "The Two Sides in Town."

THE TOWN BOARD.

It Meets and Orders a Census Taken of Decatur Township.

The auditing board of Decatur township, Supervisor Hill, Clerk Williams, and Justices Stevens, Eymann, Provost and Odor, met yesterday to consider the matter of ordering an official census of Decatur township to determine under the new law how many additional supervisors Decatur township is entitled to in the county board. Justice Curtis is ill and could not be present.

On the basis of 9,000 population, returned in 1880, Decatur township now has one supervisor and three assistants as her representation in the county board. The law gives to every town one supervisor, one additional supervisor for towns having 4,000 inhabitants and one additional supervisor for every 2,500 population above 4,000. It is believed that Decatur township has fully 18,000 inhabitants. If there are that many people within the township boundaries then Decatur is entitled to three additional supervisors, which would give the township a just representation of seven members in the county board.

The auditing board was unanimous in ordering the official census, and Captain Wm. J. Urey was appointed to do the work, the Captain to name his own assistants for the 10 voting districts. The enumeration will be commenced in less than 10 days after it is commenced. The count will probably begin next week.

THE TOWN BOARD.

To-day Captain Urey, the chief enumerator, appointed his assistants as follows:

W. T. Dilleman, S. S. Ewing, W. C. Foster, J. W. Reavis, R. P. Jones, C. C. Rader, D. C. Shockley, D. L. Hughes, James M. Poor and Robt. T. Ferguson.

Those accepting the appointment will please report to the town clerk and qualify.

THE THIEF CAUGHT.

This afternoon Marshal Mason was very much gratified to receive a telegram from the chief of police at St. Louis, stating that Charles Taylor, the chap who stole the \$100 watch from Curtis & Bros. jewelry store some days ago, had been caught in that city. Marshal Mason will go to St. Louis after Taylor and bring him here for trial. He is a young man and a stranger in Decatur. The watch was recovered some days ago.

THE TOWN BOARD.

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Why Decatur's Water is So Bad.

A large number of meetings of ex-

posed of the Choicest Patterns of the fol-

lowing manufactures:

LOWELL CARPET CO.,

HARTFORD CARPET CO.,

GLEN ECHO MILLS,

Embracing all the Latest Improvements in

Coloring and New Effects, which make our

stock Unequalled in Attractiveness.

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JOHN IRWIN

ON DECK

AT THE

WHITE FRONT

KNOX SILK HAT!

Knox Derby Hat!

KNOX LIGHT-WEIGHT DERBY HAT!

New Spring Blocks Now Ready.

+Correct Styles.+

RECEIVED NEW STYLES OF

SPRING OVERCOATS!

TAILOR MADE.

Perfect fitting Garments. Our whole line is New, of this Spring's Manufacture. The best productions of New Fashionable Garments, at

LOW PRICES.

All Goods Marked in Plain Selling Figures.

OTTENHEIMER & CO.,

135 East Main Street, Decatur.

One Price Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers.

Whoop Her Up Liza Jane! The Boom has Come.

GREAT AUCTION SALE!

Eight Joe Dandy Lots; Best Residence Lots in the City, AT YOUR OWN PRICE—On a Credit of 10 Years.

Interest Only 7 Per Cent.

Benefit of PAVED STREET, STREET CARS, Banker

"Jim" Millikin's and Hog Ringer Hill's Elegant Lawns.

We are authorized to sell AT AUCTION on

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888,

At 2 p. m., on the premises, without limit or reserve, the block of ground located at the corner of West Main and Pine streets, now occupied by A. Wait as a residence. It will be subdivided into 8 lots, four fronting on West Wood street and four on West Main street, with a frontage of 50 feet each.

If you want the best residence lots in the city wait until March 22, and make your own price and terms. Parties purchasing can make terms of payment to suit themselves, or in ten annual installments, conditions that they improve this season. 10 per cent. of the purchase money will be required to be paid on day of sale, same to be returned when improvements are made. Those who purchase not intending to improve this season, 10 per cent. on day of sale and 15 per cent. in 30 days.

House of 8 rooms, in good condition, on one of the West Main street lots, to be opened for inspection three days immediately before sale, or at any other time by getting special order from us.

+JESSE LEFORCE & SONS.+

GOIN' OVER THE RIVER.
Goin' over the river to death, you say?
Goin' to that far away country, hey?
I'm glad for 't's better than this, you see;
And I want you to carry a message for me.
You'll find there a woman, not far from the shore,
Waiting and watchin' the dip of the oar.
You'll know her because she'll ask about me;
And I want you to tell her something, you see.
Tell her the time's very near when I'll come home,
To relieve her from watchin' to welcome me.
And I'm happy in thinkin' how proud I shall be
To see her come down to the river for me.
I doubt not there's a cottage somewhere about there—
She always was thoughtful and handy when here—
And I know how faithful and patient she'll wait
To lead me along the path to the shore.
Tell her the little one's grown very fat;
And sweet like her mother; and I can recall
A many a look and many a tone,
Reproduced in the girl, that were her own.
And tell her, at—your worst forget her—
That the faith that she taught her she clings to yet.
She couldn't be reconciled even in Heaven,
If the child had forgot the lesson she'd given.
I'm glad you goin', sir, 'n' I wish it was me;
For 't's a far better country than this is, you see.
But I'm waitin' with patience for my turn at the oar,
To meet her that's watchin' for me on the shore.
—George O. Smith, in *Inter Ocean*.

TWO VALENTINES.

A Comedy in One Act—Four Persons in the Cast.

[Written for this paper.]
[Enter Miss Marion and Miss Creighton.]
Miss Marion: O Miss Creighton, the belle of the village was to describe her attractions far too modestly. Her charms were so indisputably superior to those of her girl companions that they had long ago ceased to envy her the possession of them, and had insensibly grown to regard her as a sort of queen or empress who ruled over them by right of her great mental and physical beauty. She was as gentle and lovable by nature as she was perfect to the eye, and no young woman of twenty summers had ever a prouder, more loyal, or more devoted admirer of her own sex than she. For a maiden of her own particular coterie to whisper to a companion that which might be in any way construed as mean or malicious meant certain banishment for that indiscreet maiden until such time as she should have learned to respect the will of that indisputable nineteenth century social bawling-ram, the majority.

Miss Creighton would not have been human if she had not been a little vain of the homage that she had long ago learned to regard as her due. But it never appeared on the surface; and the sight of her, as she stood amidst a throng of her friends, was enough to create in one the impression that her admirers were tasteful in their selection of an idol. She was the dearest of deities, with jet black hair and a delicate oval face that lit up gloriously under the spur of any sudden excitement or emotion. Her great beauty lay in her eyes—dark, deep eyes, that flashed forth spirit, resentment or tenderness at the will of her owner. She was tall, as all brunettes should be, and had a pretty way when talking of drawing her exquisitely molded figure up to full height and looking down upon her admirers with an air of affectionate authority.

The strangest part of Miss Marion's nature was that the infinite sweetness of temper she displayed towards her young lady friends had no counterpart in her manner of deporting herself towards the other sex. It stood to reason, of course, that she should be idolized by all the young men of the neighborhood who were not sensible enough to perceive that she was beyond their reach. They simply adored her, and made no secret of their adoration either, but she had no patience with them. The first time an admirer spoke to her of his regard for her she laughed at him, the second time she scolded him; and if he persisted after that she would walk five miles out of her way to avoid him. Naturally enough, however, there was an exception to this rule—the rule of a woman's life was ever without an exception—and that exception was Philip Barton.

Philip was a young man of five-and-twenty, broad shouldered and athletic and handsome enough to make an acceptable suitor for any not over-sensitive girl. Besides, he was fairly well off, as such things go, being the son of a lawyer, a clever old attorney who had amassed a snug competence by the hard labor of nearly sixty years, and who had no thought in the world that did not center in his boy Philip. But even to Philip was Marion inclined at times to be capricious and tormenting.

Perhaps it was because she was so sure of him, perhaps it was only the woman in her that bade her to torment that which found its only happiness in her presence; perhaps—both who could ever speculate with accuracy on a woman's motives? It was enough that she treated him cruelly and disdainfully too often for his peace of mind—so much so that poor Philip, who had been "dancing attendance on her for three years," at his serious rivals expressed it was far from certain to-day as to whether or not he was justified in considering himself any better off than the rest of them.

His kind old father, who knew the desire of his boy's heart and encouraged him in it, frequently spurred him on when his energies drooped and his ambition flagged. "Be a man, my son," he would say, "and win her."

Renews Her Youth.
Mrs. Phelps Chesley, Peterson, Clay co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years of age, and have been troubled by skin complaint and lameness for many years, could not dress myself without help. Now I am relieved from all pain and soreness, and am enabled to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c, at John A. Swearingen's Drug Store.

Linman & Lawrence, at their restaurant, south side Lincoln square, serve good, cheap and regular meals at low prices. No better place in town. Restaurant open all night. dec16-d&w

Henry Bross, makes the largest leaves of home made bread of any in the city, bread delivered promptly anywhere it is desired. nov22-dit

Gentle's Furnishing Goods, Embracing Underwear, Scarfs Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, in the best goods, and at the lowest prices. Linn & Sweeney. dec16-dit

Go to Cheap Charley's clothing house dec16-dit

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It was with an admiration of this description ringing in his ears that Philip found himself dressed one evening for a birthday party at the house of one of Marion's friends. Insensibly and by what means he was never afterwards able to discern, the conviction grew upon him that that night was to decide his fate one way or the other. It did not render him any the less careful with his toilet, however, and when he descended the stairway and confronted his father, the old gentleman patted him affectionately on the back and told him he was a young man for having wasted so much time. With which parting salutation he was permitted to do his overcoat and leave.

Some evil spirit seemed to possess Miss Marion that night. She teased Philip, she laughed at him, "guyed" his sentimental advances and refused to converse upon any but the most commonplace of topics. The result of which was that in one short hour Philip was profoundly wretched. Then he was furious. In two hours he was again calm and looking about him for some means of vengeance.

The instrument came to his hand as readily as if some pitying deity had been waiting for a chance to fit it to his grasp. Separated from instant from Marion, he found himself beside little Tillie Morton, a peachy-checked damsel with whom he had carried on a wild sort of flirtation the preceding summer. It so happened, though of course he did not know it, that circumstances were especially favorable to him; for Tillie had for an hour past been undergoing at the hands of the muscular young dry goods clerk over yonder—who was the very idol of her soul—taste of treatment accorded Philip by Marion. It was the most natural thing in the world, therefore, that those two young people, each unhappy, and each seeking diversion of some sort, should forthwith enter upon a course of love-making simply tropical in its intensity. They danced together time and time again; they perambulated the hallways arm-in-arm, with heads almost touching; and for the night they were excessively wild for February, they strolled out

upon the gravelled walk in front of the house and paced up and down between the thick rows of laurels and rhododendrons on the smooth-shaven lawn.

Marion's feelings, as she watched the pair, formed a curious compound of pain and anger. She was conscious that her conduct was without excuse, but she had all a woman's indisposition to admit being in the wrong. More than once the tears started to her eyes, only to be kept back by a resolute exercise of the will-power that was one of her distinguishing traits. By and by almost every other feeling gave way to that of resentment. Sue for his forgiveness? Not she. She would make his heart ache, even as her own was aching; and in five minutes the muscular dry goods clerk, whom every one called "Tom," and nothing else, was being howled by the wealth of blandishments she cast over him. Long ago he had sued for the smile from the beauty in vain, and the sudden possession of all her graciousness almost unnerved him; yet he still had sense enough to appreciate his good fortune and, as he thought, profit by it.

These two, also, presently strolled into the gravelled walk in front of the house and paced up and down between the thick rows of laurels and rhododendrons on the smooth-shaven lawn.

Philip had been astonished to discover how bewitching Tillie looked in the moonlight. Her big blue eyes shone like diamonds, and the sparkle of mischief in them made them look like the brighter. The youth began to feel that there was something in life worth living for before they had made the circuit of the lawn twice.

Finally they had come to a standstill and were gazing straight at each other in the ridiculous manner customary with young people on such occasions. Philip was losing his head a little, and he did not heed footsteps approach and come to a standstill near by. But Tillie did, and what is more, she recognized at least one of the two faces that peered curiously through the bushes. Then it was that Master Philip was accused of being "guyed" at his serious rivals expressed it was far from certain to-day as to whether or not he was justified in considering himself any better off than the rest of them.

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And Philip? Well, as he strolled homeward in the moonlight some fiend within him whispered that it was the eve of St. Valentine; and the same fiend added, as he threw off his coat and stirred up the dying embers in the privacy of his own apartment, that it would afford a spice of romance to his vengeance if he should send each of these two girls a neatly-rhymed souvenir of the evening's comedy. Valentines were extremely popular in that community, and the occasion seemed to call for something of the kind.

It took him almost an hour to compile his first effort. It ran in this way: I know, dear maid, thou art fair to see, And as sweet as the flowers of June; And never wert thou so fair to me As to-night, beneath the pale moon. Yet maid of the beauty and grace, Who saiest thou lovest me true, My own love for thee to-night must die; For I must love thee no more, I feel. "I think," reflected the young man ruthlessly, "that that will convince Miss Marion of the cruelty she has been guilty of." He affixed his initials to it and in thirty minutes more had produced the poetical rarity destined for Tillie. It was as follows:

Sweetest of eyes, my love is thine— My heart, my life, my all; When thy bright eyes upon me shine The skies above me grow dim. For I must love thee no more, I feel, Save that my lot is blue; And, sweetheart, I have loved thee so Since first I knew thy face. With a hand that trembled a little in spite of him he folded the two sheets, addressed the envelopes and stamped them. Then, before his resolution had time to cool, he ran down stairs, let himself out at the front door and fairly flew to the post-office. The morning was just breaking as he dropped the two envelopes into the little slot in the window that served as a letter-drop. Then he walked slowly back to the house.

As he descended, the splendid portrait of Marion that stood on his mirror seemed to gaze reproachfully at him, and in two minutes the reaction came. All his honest love for the faithful beauty came over him like a flood, and he would have given ten years of his life to have had those two letters back in his hand that moment. Marion would never forgive him. He was sure of it.

Not a wink of sleep came to his eyes as he lay devising a thousand plans to recover those foolish valentines. He might go to the post-office and ask for them, but was he not the worse-eyed old curmudgeon who ran the office would not give them up; and even if he would, that would seem too ridiculous.

Ah! An inspiration! He would call on Marion early, before she could receive the valentine, beg her not to open it and implore her forgiveness for his churlishness of the night before. Yes, that would do. It was now six o'clock. At eight he would go.

How many times those two hours seemed! But they did at last, and he strode forth once again, his face very pale in the gloom of the February morning. A walk of ten minutes brought him to Marion's house. Had she arisen yet, he asked of the trim maid who opened the door. She did not know but would see, if he would kindly step inside and wait.

He waited for some time, but she did not come. He was beginning to feel that he had made a mistake, when the door opened and a maid came in. "Miss Marion is up," she said, "and she is waiting for you."

Philip entered the room, and found Marion sitting at her dressing-table, looking at him with a pale face. "What is the matter?" she asked.

Philip looked at her for a moment, then he took out the valentine and handed it to her. "This is for you," he said.

Marion looked at the valentine, then she looked at Philip. "What is this?" she asked.

Philip looked at her for a moment, then he took out the valentine and handed it to her. "This is for you," he said.

Marion looked at the valentine, then she looked at Philip. "What is this?" she asked.

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and had brought it to her to read in bed, together with many others. Philip gasped and grew very white. Would she order him from her presence? No, she did not do that; she stood there blushing deliciously and casting affectionate glances first upon him and then upon the fatal valentine. What could it mean?

"Philip, dear," she said, advancing a step, "this is the sweetest valentine I ever had in my life, and you are—"

Philip choked down a sob and almost snatched the flimsy sheet from her hand, as he did so his eye fell upon the writing and his brain reeled; it was valentine No. 2, the one he had meant for Tillie! Like a flash it came upon him that he had placed them in the wrong envelopes—no, the right ones, by all that was lucky.

In about a second more she was in his arms. But he never told her how narrow his escape had been. And, if he looked for any grief or disappointment in the azure-eyed Tillie he was woefully mistaken, for she never even read her valentine. She had it in her hand as she saw Tom through the window passing up the piazza steps; and, as she knew Philip's handwriting and dreaded to be caught with such a compromising document in her possession, she just flung it unopened on the coals. It was in ashes long before Tom was ushered into the parlor to make his peace.

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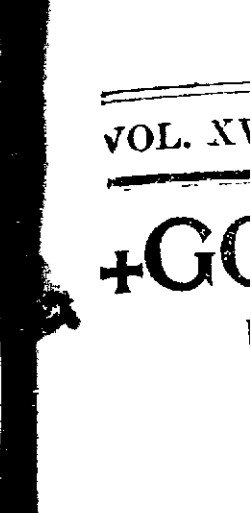
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Chancery Notice.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ss. MASON COUNTY, ss. In the Circuit Court to the June Term, A. D. 1888. Usque Gebhart vs. Mary J. Gebhart—Divorce. Affidavit of the undersigned in this state of said Mary J. Gebhart, the defendant, in the above entitled cause, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of said county, notice is hereby given to the said Mary J. Gebhart that the above named complainant desires that the bill of complaint be read and returned, returnable the first day of said term of said court, to be held at the Court house in the city of Decatur, in said Mason county, on the first Monday in the month of June, A. D. 1888. And that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendant, returnable the first day of said term of said court, to be held at the Court house in the city of Decatur, in said Mason county, on the first Monday in the month of June, A. D. 1888. And that a decree rendered according to the prayer of the bill of complaint.

D. F. HAMSHER, Clerk of Court. fdt

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